

## The Reason Why.

I know a little maiden who is always in a hurry.  
She races through her breakfast to be in time for school;  
She scribbles at her desk in a hasty sort of flurry.  
And comes home in a breathless whirl that fills the vestibule.

She hurries through her studying, she hurries through her sewing,  
Like an engine at high pressure, as if leisure were a crime;  
She's always in a scramble, no matter where she's going,  
And yet—would you believe it?—she never is in time!

It seems a contradiction, until you know the reason;  
But I'm sure you think it simple, as I do, when I state  
That she never has been known to begin a thing in season,  
And she's always in a hurry, because she starts too late.  
—Priscilla Leonard, in The Christian Advocate.

## What Nat Found.

My! If 'tain't the rummiest place!—and heaven's rummiest still.

The 'rummy' place in question was what most people would have called 'a pretty little bit,' on the borders of Epping Forest, the only 'rummy' thing about it being the figure of the little lad who had just given vent to his feelings in that exclamation.

So old and haggard was the face of this lad, that, although he was really only twelve years of age, and indeed looked small enough for ten, you might have taken him for fifty. His head, with its unkempt shock of chestnut curls, seemed to have grown faster than the rest of him, and might very well have belonged to the pair of trousers in which the lower half of him had found its way, and which were rolled up at the ankles and down at the wrist to shorten them sufficiently. His shirt was all in rags, whilst as for shoes, he had none.

Nat had never been in the country before, for he had been born and bred in a miserable cellar in a London slum. But a great change had come to his life. Only the day before, he had followed to the burial ground the black wooden box containing the mortal remains of the rough handed but kind-hearted coster fellow who had been in place of father and mother and all to him; and life in that cellar was an end.

'Get out o' this,' his dying 'pal' had said. 'Go into the blessed country, where folks aren't for ever bustle-busting you, and making you bad,' and he fell to describing the glories of that happy place, where apples grew on trees instead of barrows, and you went nutting in the woods.

Nat begged him to come away into the blessed country too, but poor Josh answered that he hadn't got the strength. 'I'm struck for death,' said he.

Then Nat began to cry. But Josh said he was going where the Saviour was waiting to receive all who are sorry for their sins.  
'And it's far b'esseder up there,' said he. So Nat dried his eyes and listened whilst Josh told about the home on high he used to hear about before he went to London and learnt wicked ways; and he made Nat promise that as soon as he was dead, he would make his way out of the court and the London streets to the green fields. So here he was.

A truly blessed place it seemed to him, too—only 'rummy' was his word for it, because there were so many things that he had never seen before. To be sure, he had not found any nuts or apples yet, eagerly as he had looked for them for he had grown very hungry tramping, tramping all day long, and sleeping in the open air at night. But he had found something else—a most extraordinary something, growing in a most extraordinary place—a loaf of bread, to all appearances growing on a tree; and there, on the grass beside him, lay one-half of it, whilst a great piece he had broken off the other, was already in his mouth.

No doubt this loaf had dropped off a baker's cart, and some wag, who had eaten a good breakfast, besides having a good dinner in prospect, had picked it up and impaled it on the bough, where it hung just like some enormous fruit.

'Josh never told me loaves grew on the trees, anyhow,' said Nat, as he buried his teeth in the crisp crust. 'My! 'tis a rummy place.'

Not that Nat really believed the loaf grew on the tree. The point was that here was bread ready to hand; and Nat—who, despite his starving condition, would not have touched it had it been in a shop or on a cart—never doubted for a minute his right to this loaf, which seemed to have dropped out of the sky for him. So there he sat, munching away contentedly, and looking round about on the peaceful, happy scene.

'And heaven's rummiest still!' he kept thinking—where Josh was!  
Now the sun was warm, and Nat had

walked a long way; so by the time he had finished his meal he began to feel drowsy, and presently he woke up with a start.

Nat dug his knuckles into his eyes, and got them open; then he stretched himself and prepared to move on. But to his dismay, on looking round for the remains of the loaf, which was to serve him for several meals, he found it gone! 'Well! if that ain't rummiest still!' exclaimed he, searching about with eager eyes; and 'rummy' meant something different this time.

However, there was nothing for it, so on he went.

He had hardly gone half a dozen steps when something lying on the ground caught his eye, and picking it up he found it was a purse, with silver and gold in it, besides some bits of paper neatly folded up, the nature of which Nat did not know.

'Rummy' wasn't the word for that, to lose his loaf and find a purse! Yet, strange to say, Nat never thought of appropriating this find. This was money, which was a very different matter from bread, especially when bread hung on a tree.

Nat held the purse in his hand, wondering what to do with it.

Now, just where the road ran along he border of the forest, and coming through the trees, he descried a gentleman. Nat ran forward to him, holding out the purse.

The gentleman looked surprised. 'Why! where did you find this?' cried he.

Nat told him.  
'Well, you're an honest little chap,' said the gentleman, looking him over, and seeing how poor he was. 'Why, the contents of this would have bought you a new suit, and kept you in bread and cheese for ever so long, and, in fact, made a king of you.'

Nat shook his head. 'Ain't mine, sir,' said he. 'And my pal wor's dead, told me to keep my hands off wot don't belong to me.'

So the gentleman asked him who was this pal of his, and Nat told him, 'Josh Tinney,' and bit by bit the whole story was told. And as very singular things do sometimes happen, the gentleman identified Josh with the lad who used to work for him, but getting dissatisfied with country life, went away to London to make a fortune, and as it turned out, had found starvation instead. So Nat found a friend, who, for the sake of poor dead Josh, and for his own sake, too—for Mr. Dent was a good Christian man who had a big heart in his breast for all poor boys—gave him a hand up, and very speedily set him in the way of making an honest livelihood.

The mystery of the loaf was never really cleared up, though somebody suggested that Mr. Dent's dog Beppo must have been the thief, dropping his master's purse—which he had found upon the ground—for the sake of this stray meal. But Beppo was so well fed at home, and it would have been such a sad stain on his character to believe such a thing of him, that the suggestion was not upon one side; and the mystery remains until this day.

But the mystery of that good providence which threw Nat in Mr. Dent's way, he explained in poor old Josh's words—'Trus God and live square and He'll deal fair by ye, according to His promises.' And Nat had found it true.—The Pres. Witness.

## Billy the Heathen.

They were waiting for the train to the cranberry bogs: Mrs. Dale, the sick baby, four older children, and Billy the goat. Other 'pickers' were waiting, too; but though they were all to be gone for several weeks, there were no trunks to be seen—only great bundles, tied up in patchwork quilts. In that belonging to the Dales there was a feather bed, and on it lay 'Baby Dale.'

A colored boy, tired of waiting, began to stand on his head, turn somersaults, and walk on his hands with his feet in the air. Baby Dale laughed, and clapped her hands, and cried 'More, more!' till Virgil noticed her and grinned. Then he took the tin pan he was going to pick cranberries in, and, using it for a drum, gave a shuffling dance that delighted Baby Dale still more. But Billy the goat did not like the noise, and, as the train came puffing into the station, made a dash for it, with the intention of showing disapproval in the manner of goats, by butting it vigorously.

There was a cry of dismay from the Dale children, but Virgil with a bound went for the goat, caught him by the horns, and together they rolled down an embankment, just as the train went over the spot where they had met. Virgil was found still and bleeding, the goat butting him more energetically. They laid him on the platform, while the goat was put on the train and secured so that he could do no further harm.

The little Dale children were all crying as they got on the train, and Mrs.

Dale looked very much distressed as she said:

'I would not leave the boy, but my baby is sick, and I must make money to buy bread for my children.'

When Virgil came to himself, he was in a hospital, and he asked

'Dat goat warn't hurt none, were ef' 'No,' said the doctor, 'but I suppose you wish he was.'

'Lor' sakes!' said Virgil, 'he don't know any better.'

'Then you forgive the goat?' asked the doctor.

'Ain't no call ter forgive 'im w'en 'e don't know no better.' Dat goat jest same as de heathen.'

'Well, Virgil,' said the doctor, 'most boys would not care whether the goat knew better or not; they would want to 'have it out' with him.'

But Virgil never seemed to feel any resentment towards the goat, and when he was able to go to the cranberry bogs, he found that he had not been forgotten by the Dales. Every night, each of those who had been picking through the day put some pennies in a box 'for Virgil.' He objected to taking them at first, but they insisted, and little Millie said:

'When I put mine in, I al'ways said, 'Thank you, Virgil, for saving the goat, but I wish he hadn't hurt you.'

'But yer kind in you all,' said Virgil, 'but yer ain't no call ter blame dat goat; no one jist ebber tole him no better; he jest like dem heathen.' And so the goat got the name of 'Billy the Heathen.'—The Outlook

## The Effect of Music on Animals

Experiments have lately been tried with a view of determining the effect of violin playing upon certain animals in the Zoological Garden at Lincoln Park, Chicago. Music which was slow and sweet like 'Home, Sweet Home,' or 'Annie Laurie,' pleased the panthers, a jaguar, and a lioness with her cubs. The panthers became nervous and twitched their tails when a lively jig, 'The Irish Washerwoman,' was played to them, and relapsed into their former quiet when the music again became soothing. The jaguar was so nervous during the jig music that he jumped from a shelf to the floor of his cage and back again. When the player ceased playing and walked away, the jaguar reached out his paw to him as far as he could. His claws were drawn back. The lioness and her cubs were interested from the first, though when the violinist approached the cage the mother gave a hiss, and the cubs hid behind her. At the playing of a lively jig, the cubs stood up on their hind legs and peeped over at the player. When the musician retreated from the cage, the animals came to the front of it, and did not move back when he gradually drew so near as almost to touch the great paws which were thrust through the bars. When playing 'Home, Sweet Home,' the entire family seemed very attentive, and were motionless, except that the cubs turned their heads from side to side. Then another jig was played and the cubs pranced about. The coyotes in a den squatted in a semi circle, and sat silently while the music continued. When it ceased, they ran up and pawed at the player through the bars. He began afresh and they again formed in a silent semi-circle. This experiment was tried several times, with the same result. These and many other similar facts are to be found in an article in the 'American Naturalist.'

## Birds Puzzled by Kites.

A writer on scientific miscellany is responsible for the following:

While one scientist was flying a train of five kites a couple of years ago, a large, silver tipped eagle came suddenly out of the higher air and swooped round and round the kites, looking against the sunset sky like a huge silver ball. As the train of kites was pulled in, the eagle followed, visiting one kite and then another, seeming uncertain what to do. In a few minutes, when he seemed to have decided that they were not good to eat, and he knew nothing about them anyway, he indignantly flew off and was lost to view.

Another experience was had with a stork that came from the New Jersey side of the Hudson, and flew straight for the queer object in the air. He apparently had made up his mind to go straight through it, but changed and dived underneath. He went around and above it, and through a glass it could be seen that he cocked his eye at the intruder in a most comical manner. He started away a few hundred feet, changed his mind and came swooping back. He finally reluctantly went away, mystified over this queer addition to the inhabitants of the air.

While kites were high in the air one March, flocks of geese flying in the V-wedge flew over. They invariably stopped, broke up and hovered above the queer object, and at last slowly reformed and flew away. While the larger birds all come from heights above the kites, the small birds of the air will alight on the string holding the kite and sway to and fro.

Scalloped Eggs. — Six eggs, five spoonfuls minced ham, a little chopped parsley, a very little minced onion, three spoonfuls of cream, and one of melted butter. Season to taste. One half cup of bread crumbs, moistened with milk, and a spoonful of melted butter. Line bottom of a small deep dish, well buttered, with soaked bread crumbs; put upon these a layer of chopped ham, with the onion and parsley. Set in the oven, covered with smoking hot. Beat the eggs to a stiff froth, stir in the cream and a spoonful of melted butter, and pour upon the ham. Put the dish, uncovered, back into the oven, and bake until the eggs are 'set.'

For neuralgia, cloths wet in alcohol and water, or paregoric, or laudanum and water, and laid on a hot water bottle, and the part steamed over it.

All Sorts.

You can always tell a bachelor by noticing whether he carries a baby most like a lighted lamp or an old overcoat.

For that tired feeling you must enrich and purify your blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the medicine you need.

That evening Mrs. Price told her little boy about her secret visit to the play-ground. 'I wanted to let you look at yourself with your eyes, Harry,' she said; 'and now that you know what is the matter with Harry Price, and why the boys and girls don't like him, I am sure that you can mend matters.' — Evangelist.

He Was Lonesome.

At a sale of animals from Barnum's Hippodrome in Bridgeport a tiger was being offered. The highest bid was made by a man who was a stranger and to him it was knocked down. Barnum, who had been eyeing the stranger uneasily during the bidding, then went up to him and said, 'Pardon me for asking the question, but will you tell me where you are from?'

'Down South a bit,' responded the man.

'Are you connected with any show?'

'No.'

'Are you buying this animal for yourself?'

'Yes.'

Barnum shifted about for a few moments, looking alternately at the man and at the tiger, evidently trying his best to reconcile the two together.

'Now, young man,' he finally said, 'you need not take this animal unless you want to, for there are those who will take it off your hands.'

'I don't want to sell,' was the quiet reply.

Then Barnum said in his desperation, 'What on earth are you going to do with such an ugly beast if you have no show of your own, and are not buying for some one who is a showman?'

'Well, I'll tell you,' said the purchaser. 'My wife died about three weeks ago. We had lived together for ten years, and—and I miss her.' He paused to wipe his eyes and steady his voice, and then added: 'So I've bought this tiger.'

'I understand you,' said the great showman, in a husky voice, as he turned away to hide his emotion.—Family Library.

Excellent Reasons exist why Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil should be used by persons troubled with affections of the throat or lungs, sores upon the skin, rheumatic pain, corns, bunions, or external injuries. The reasons are, that it is speedy, pure and unobjectionable, whether taken internally or applied outwardly.

In his Vegetable Pills, Dr. Parmelee has given to the world the fruits of long scientific research in the whole realm of medical science, combined with new and valuable discoveries never before known to man. For Delicate and Debilitated Constitutions Parmelee's Pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body giving tone and vigor.

CLIFTON HOUSE  
PROPRIETOR: E. J. PETERS, PROPRIETOR  
S. J. PETERS, PROPRIETOR  
TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION  
SERVED BY STEAM THROUGHOUT

DR. F. W. BARBOUR  
New Dental Offices,  
COR. QUEEN AND YORK ST.

Every kind of Dentistry by latest methods. Painless extracting by Hale method, Gas, Ether or Chloroform. Young lady in attendance. Open evenings at present.

WANTED By Old Established House—High Grade Man or Woman, good church standing, willing to learn our business then to act as Manager and State Correspondent here. Salary \$300. Envelope self-addressed stamped envelope to A. T. Elder, General Manager, 278 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

If you are energetic and Strong.

If you are above foolish prejudice against canvassing for a good book, write and get my proposition. This information will cost nothing.

I have put hundreds of men in the way of making money; some of whom are now rich.

I can do good things for you, if you are honorable and will work hard.

T. S. LINCOLN, Toronto

HER MAJESTY'S DIAMOND JUBILEE carries "Queen Victoria Life and Reign" into every home. Persons who never sold books, take orders fast. Place the most eloquent of Lord Dufferin's achievements. No book so highly praised. We need more canvassers. Easy to make \$15.00 to \$30.00 a week. Works on time. Prospectus free to canvassers. A trial will cost nothing, and may fill your empty pocket-book.

VIRGINIA FARM FOR SALE

800 ACRES. Land lay well. Well watered. Large amount of hard wood timber; near railroad. Dwelling and outbuildings. Price only FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS. Good title. Write for free Catalogue.

B. R. O'LEARY & CO., Richmond

There was a strange man here to see you to-day, papa, said little Ethel, as she ran to meet her father in the hall. Did he have a bill? No, papa; he had just a plain nose.

Thomas Knew.—Now, Thomas, said a certain bishop, after taking his servant to task one morning, who is it that sees all we do and hears all we say and knows all we think, and who regards even me in my bishop's robes as but a vile worm of the dust?

And Thomas replied. The missus sir.

The father and his three children were to give a Christmas present to the mother, and the youngest was selected to make the address of presentation. She prepared it carefully, and delivered it thus: 'Dear mamma, this gift is presented to you by your three children and your one husband.'

Dan and Mose, neither of them noted for erudition, were partners in an enterprise which it is needless to specify. One morning a customer called to settle a small bill, and after handing over the money asked for a receipt.

Mose retired to the privacy of an inner room, and after a long delay returned with a slip of paper, on which were written these words:

We've got our pay. Me and Dan.

Gentleman (to an Irishman)—Well, Pat, I see you have a small garden.

Pat—Yes, sir. What are you going to set in it for next season? Nothing, sir. I set it with potatoes last year, and not one of them came up. That's strange. How do you explain it? Well, sir, the man next door to me set his garden full of onions. Well, had that anything to do with your potatoes not growing? Yes, sir. Bedad, them onions was so strong that my potatoes couldn't see to grow for their eyes watering.

Spring Housecleaning.

While people are particular about having their house cleaned of the winter's accumulation of dirt, they are not always so particular about their system. It needs cleansing too, and there's nothing will do it so thoroughly and effectually as Burdock Blood Bitters. Alex. Miller, Ardoo, Ont., says:—'I have taken B. B. B. every spring for some years and as a blood purifier it is unequalled.'

Excellent Reasons exist why Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil should be used by persons troubled with affections of the throat or lungs, sores upon the skin, rheumatic pain, corns, bunions, or external injuries. The reasons are, that it is speedy, pure and unobjectionable, whether taken internally or applied outwardly.

In his Vegetable Pills, Dr. Parmelee has given to the world the fruits of long scientific research in the whole realm of medical science, combined with new and valuable discoveries never before known to man. For Delicate and Debilitated Constitutions Parmelee's Pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body giving tone and vigor.

CLIFTON HOUSE  
PROPRIETOR: E. J. PETERS, PROPRIETOR  
S. J. PETERS, PROPRIETOR  
TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION  
SERVED BY STEAM THROUGHOUT

DR. F. W. BARBOUR  
New Dental Offices,  
COR. QUEEN AND YORK ST.

Every kind of Dentistry by latest methods. Painless extracting by Hale method, Gas, Ether or Chloroform. Young lady in attendance. Open evenings at present.

WANTED By Old Established House—High Grade Man or Woman, good church standing, willing to learn our business then to act as Manager and State Correspondent here. Salary \$300. Envelope self-addressed stamped envelope to A. T. Elder, General Manager, 278 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

If you are energetic and Strong.

If you are above foolish prejudice against canvassing for a good book, write and get my proposition. This information will cost nothing.

I have put hundreds of men in the way of making money; some of whom are now rich.

I can do good things for you, if you are honorable and will work hard.

T. S. LINCOLN, Toronto

HER MAJESTY'S DIAMOND JUBILEE carries "Queen Victoria Life and Reign" into every home. Persons who never sold books, take orders fast. Place the most eloquent of Lord Dufferin's achievements. No book so highly praised. We need more canvassers. Easy to make \$15.00 to \$30.00 a week. Works on time. Prospectus free to canvassers. A trial will cost nothing, and may fill your empty pocket-book.

VIRGINIA FARM FOR SALE

800 ACRES. Land lay well. Well watered. Large amount of hard wood timber; near railroad. Dwelling and outbuildings. Price only FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS. Good title. Write for free Catalogue.

B. R. O'LEARY & CO., Richmond

## Great Advances

Have recently been made in methods of teaching commercial subjects—Book-keeping and Correspondence especially. Our methods are not those of five or even two years ago, but the very latest embracing the latest features at the close of 1897.

Our Shorthand is also the best—the Isaac Pitman.

CATALOGUES TO ANY ADDRESS.  
S. KERR & SON

## POCKET MONEY

People in your town are constantly sending for Rubber Stamps. You could get the orders and make the profit. We want to tell you about it; you will be interested.

WALTON & CO.  
Sherbrooke, P. Q.  
and Derby Le  
Agree Wanten U. S. and Canada

## Professional Cards.

## DR. ATHERTON.

Late Lecturer on Surgery, Women's Medical College, Toronto, and Surgeon to St. John's Hospital for Women, Toronto. Has resumed practice in Fredericton, N. B.

## H. F. McLEOD, B. A.

BARRISTER,  
CONVEYANCER &c. &c.  
Money to Loan on Real Estate security  
CHESTNUT BUILDING OFF. CITY HAL  
FREDERICTON, N. B.

## MONEY TO LOAN.

THE Subscriber has a large sum of money for investment, at lowest rates of interest on farm and city freehold security in amounts from \$100 to \$5000. Term easy, and loans repayable by instalment if preferred.

ARTHUR R. SLIPP  
P. O. Box 402,  
Fredericton, N. B. Barrister

## D. McLEOD VINCE,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW

NOTARY PUBLIC, etc.,

WOODSTOCK, N. B.

## Manchester, Robertson

and Allison

## St. John, N. B.

Dry Goods, Carpets, Curtains

Silks, Millinery, Furs, Cloaks,

Dress Goods, Men's and Boys'

Clothing Gents' Furnishings

Our New Furniture Department contains an immense stock of

## Fine Furniture

in Parlor, Suites, Bedroom Suites, Dining

Tables, Sideboards, Buffets, Chairs, Easy Chairs, Brass

and Iron Bedsteads, and all kinds of Household Furniture

at Lowest prices.

## WANTED.

CANVASSERS—'Queen Victoria: Life and Reign,' has captured the British Empire. Extraordinary testimonials from the great men; send or copy free. Marquis of Lorne says: 'The best popular Life of the Queen I have seen.' Her Majesty sends a kind letter of appreciation. Selling by thousands; gives enthusiastic satisfaction. Canvassers making \$15 to \$40 weekly. Prospectus free to agents.

The Bradley-Garretson Co. Ltd

Toronto, Ont.

## Dragon Blend

—AND—

## Griffin Blend

## TEAS

are unexcelled. Ask your Grocer for them. Wholesale only by

A. F. Randolph & Son

## MUNN &amp; CO.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN AGENCY FOR

## PATENTS

A pamphlet of information about the laws, showing how to obtain Patents, Copyrights, and Trade Marks. Copyrights, sent free. Address: MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York.